

yellowish-whitish terrier, which figures in William Nicholson's portrait of them a portrait that shows them by the fireplace in the living-room at Passfield Corner, a very pleasant, book-lined room, whose one fault is that its ceiling is on the low side 41 Grosvenor Road, home and workshop for so long, was, at first with the reselection of a couple of rooms, and then altogether, handed over to their friend and his intimate associate in many years of L G C fighting, Susan Lawrence. Appropriately enough, 41 Grosvenor Road has now ceased to exist. The house is still there, but, in 1932, perhaps to avoid confusion with the other Grosvenors, round about Victoria Station, the road was re-christened Millbank.

In 1928 he told his constituents that he was going to leave them, for the approaching election—which he smelt in the air—they must choose another candidate. The spring of 1929 found him and his wife, their minds set to a prospect of some years of quiet work, of their own kind, in the country, with lots of people to come down and talk with them, and friends, too, not so far off, in the country itself, setting off on one more of their long journeys. This one took them, among other places, to the Near East, to the island of Prmkipo. There they paid a visit to an angry exile—Leon Trotsky, banished from Russia after his final defeat in the struggle for power with Stalin. They found him interesting, if impossible. Their views on the Russian experiment were, at this stage, not too friendly. They had

kept closely in touch with Russian happenings, ever since
1917, they saw all the Russians, and all the visitors to
Russia, there were to see, they discussed Communism and
Sovietism, very thoroughly, they read a great deal about
the USSR, they grasped, long before most people, the
fact that what kept it going was, mainly, its religious aspect*
the existence of the Communist Party as a kind of Jesuit
Order But, at this stage, they did not much like it, still